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"WHEN you were in Cuba did you see anything of Gomez's army?"  
"No. I was with Gomez."

## Rumors.

IT has not yet been decided that

A second cousin of Mark Hanna shall succeed Admiral Dewey.  
That William Waldorf Astor will be hurried home to take charge of the Caribbean squadron in place of Rear Admiral Sampson.  
That Creighton Webb will be transferred to the command of the *Texas*, now in charge of Captain "Bob" Evans.  
That Russell Harrison and James G. Blaine, Jr., will be ordered to take charge (jointly) of the Mosquito fleet.  
That Commodore Schley will be retired and his command be given to a nephew of Nelson Dingley, Jr.

It is understood that the navy will be reorganized on the same basis as that of our present army, and it is rumored that these nominations are under deliberation.

In a serious matter of this kind the greatest care is necessary, and only the right men should be put in the right places. Hence, President McKinley is using extreme caution in his selections.

Seasickness, poor quarters, insufficient food and bad ventilation are all matters to be considered.

It would be a pity to put such valuable material in jeopardy. But the war must be carried on, even at the expense of society.

## A Baseless Appeal.

MR. MEEKER: But, Philipena, you don't go the right way to work with me. You should appeal to the good and noble in me.

MRS. MEEKER: You wish me, then, to be silent.



The General: I HAVE STOOD UNMOVED WHEN SHELLS WERE BURSTING AROUND ME. COULD YOU?  
Romeo Barnstormer: WELL, THAT WOULD DEPEND A GREAT DEAL UPON THE AGE OF THE EGGS.





"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXXI. JUNE 16, 1898. No. 810.  
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

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OUR war, in so far as we know, seems to be doing fairly well for a beginner. But we do not know very far. The demonstrated abilities of our newspapers to publish daily from four to twenty pages of war news without giving any news of the war is still, at this writing, a daily marvel. What we do know is largely matter of surmise. We guess Cervera is in the harbor of Santiago, and that Schley, and maybe Sampson, too, is waiting outside. We have reason to believe that the collier *Merrimac* was sunk in the channel, and we guess it was done on purpose and was a plucky job. We guess the entrance to Santiago harbor has too many torpedoes and other obstacles in it now to be passable either for our ships or Don Cervera's, so we guess it may be some time yet before we hear of another great naval victory. Meanwhile, we guess that a lot of our troops—say 20,000—are going, or have gone, to Cuba or Porto Rico, and we guess that if they start they will get there, and that after awhile we shall hear that they have accomplished something.

Such are the surmises that keep us going between events. They are pieced out by news from the camps—Camp Black, Chickamauga, Camp Alger, and numbers of others; by carefully censored dispatches from Tampa, and occasionally by reports of ships and troops sent to Manila, and of General Merritt's preparations to discover Asia. We also read frequent lists of appointments, in which many of us complain that there is too much politics, though not, perhaps, more

than perfectly reasonable persons ought to expect.



ON the whole, there seems to be a faithful effort making to create an army, and not without a fair measure of success. We have got 150,000 troops under arms. Some of them are fit for service; the rest hope to be in time. The officers of the new volunteer regiments, below and including the rank of colonel, are appointed by the Governors of the States by which the regiments are furnished. Most of the Governors like to give commissions, and some of them like it so much that they want to send in regiments with complete sets of officers, but short by hundreds of their full complement of troops.

The government is virtuously opposed to that practice, and insists that new recruits shall go to fill up short-handed regiments instead of forming new ones. We are told that one exception to this rule has been allowed. Mr. Bryan, the late bad-money candidate for President, has expressed an earnest desire to go forth to battle, and it has been agreed that the Governor of Nebraska shall be allowed to furnish an incomplete regiment, in order that Mr. Bryan may be its Colonel.



SO far as is known, Mr. Bryan is without experience in the military art, and consequently unfit to command troops. It is suspected, too, that he does not really feel a personal call to go to war for fighting purposes, but merely wants a colonelcy in order to seem to be doing something, and to keep in range of the popular eye. It has been insinuated that he would be just as well pleased if his military aspirations should be blighted by a jealous Republican Administration, since compulsory absence from the war might be even more useful to him than a commission. That, however, may be a libel.

At all events, it is hoped that Mr. Bryan may get his commission, and that his uniform may fit, and that he may

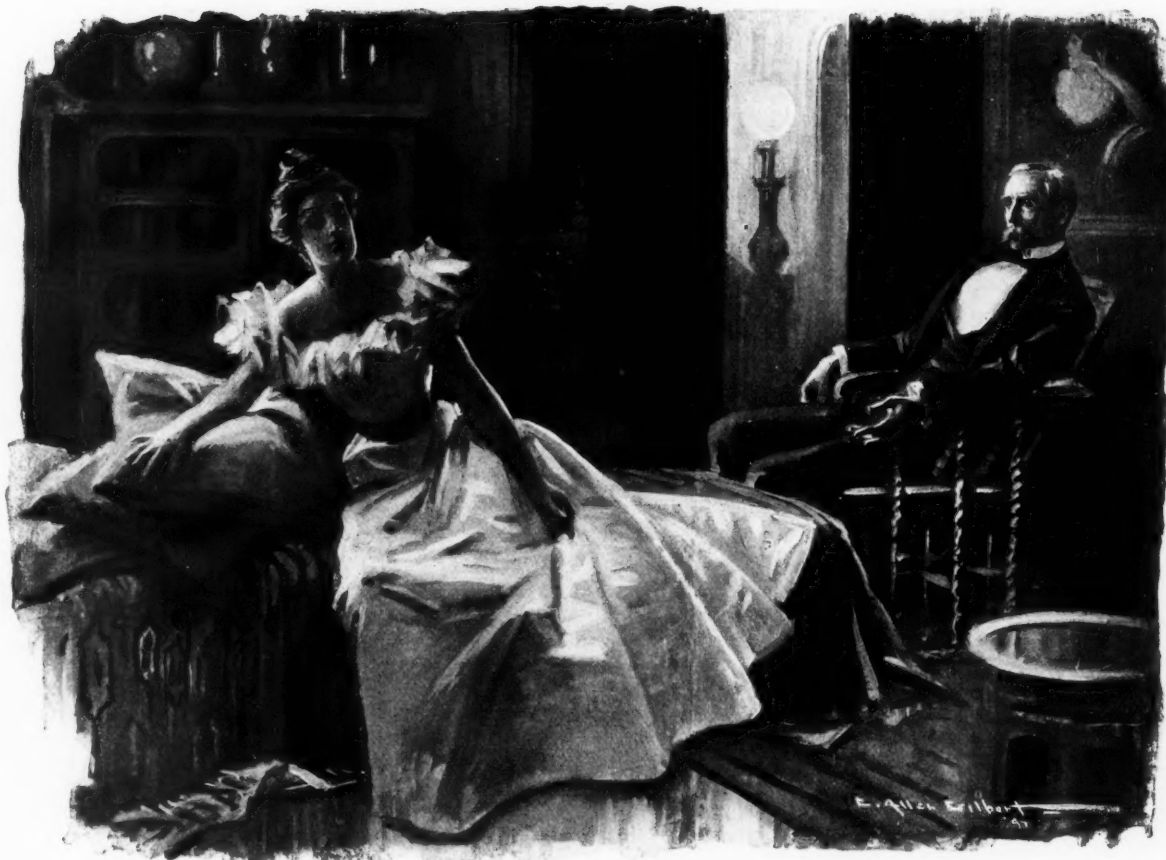
cease for the moment to publish his faith in fifty-cent dollars and stick close to his new business. If he intends to learn coloneling in time to be of any use in the present war, he will have no time for anything else. Silver dollars are said to be popular in the Philippines. If duty should call Mr. Bryan to Manila, what a singular providence that would seem to be!



THE newspapers have told of the efforts of some highly influential citizens of Indiana to induce the President to appoint General Lew Wallace a Major-General of Volunteers. It is perfectly well known that the pressure of the martial spirit in General Wallace's boiler is as high as that in the apparatus of any living American except that of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. He undoubtedly wants to go to the war, and not because he intends to run for President, or for any other questionable reason, but because it has been the habit of his lifetime to go to all the wars in which the United States has taken part. He was a mere boy at Valley Forge, but he beat the drum all the way through to Yorktown. General Jackson recognized the merit of his conduct at New Orleans; his gallantry at Palo Alto and Churubusco under Scott is matter of record. He came out of the civil war a Major-General, and has since been Minister to Turkey, and has written two preposterously successful romances. It is entirely natural that he should yearn now to buckle on his howitzer and let drive at Spain. But he ought not to be a Major-General, or, indeed, to have any command that calls for active military service. The truth is, he is somewhat over-mature, and it would be peculiar for him to recognize that his fighting days are over. He is an author now, and the thing for him to do is to emulate his rival and contemporary, Mr. R. H. Davis, decline a commission, buy a suit of pockets, and go to this war as a successful novelist seeking for material.

If the President consents to lure General Wallace from the paths of authorship by giving him a commission it will be a scandal. But probably he won't.





He: THERE ARE TWO PERIODS IN A MAN'S LIFE WHEN HE NEVER UNDERSTANDS A WOMAN.  
 "INDEED! AND WHEN ARE THEY?"  
 "BEFORE HE IS MARRIED, AND AFTERWARDS."

**T**HE following rules for the guidance of our army in Cuba have been issued by Dr. R. S. Woodson, of the United States Army, through Surgeon-General Sternberg, at Washington:

Avoid unnecessary exposure to the midday sun.

Adopt the custom of the natives, and take a siesta during a period of the day.

Keep the sweat glands in activity by careful ablutions.

Avoid excessive drinking of water during moments of activity.

Wear the lightest clothing possible, with under-clothing of light mixture of wool and cotton, during the day, but avoid the chilling of the body during repose at night.

Avoid unripe fruit, decayed fruit, or fruit which has passed through an infected focus of yellow fever.

Avoid sleeping on the ground or exposure to the heavy dew.

Boil all drinking water and cook well all food stuffs.

Abstain from alcoholic drinks.

Avoid excessive eating.  
 Attend instantly to all bowel troubles.  
 Take a three-grain quinine pill every morning if affected with malaria.  
 Take care of the feet by frequent ablutions and massage, and wear comfortable shoes.  
 Avoid as much as possible the sea coast and the proximity of infected towns.

These seem incomplete, and LIFE suggests in addition the following:

Take frequent Turkish baths.  
 Evening dress should not be donned before sundown.

The nails should be manicured at least every ten days.

When electric fans cannot be obtained, the ordinary palm-leaf should be used.

Pajamas should be worn at night. No gentleman will wear anything else.

Cut glass should invariably be used at all meals.

Folding beds should be studiously avoided.

A diet of canvasback ducks, terrapin, cold asparagus and *paté de foie gras* is recommended.

Keep cool.

"DOCTOR, do you treat rich and poor alike?"  
 "No; circumstances alter cases."



ONE ADVANTAGE OF A —



AT LIFE'S FARM.—A GROUP OF GUESTS.

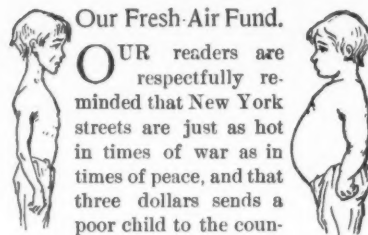
### A Mistake.

THE appointment of Mr. Royal Phelps Carrol to a lieutenantcy in the navy continues to produce the impression of a calamity. The gentleman himself may be clean and honest, and brave, but he is not a professional sailor; and so long as professional sailors are awaiting promotion, such appointments cannot fail to hurt the navy and to affront the people.



ROMAN CAST OF FEATURES.

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	<hr/> \$1,791 37

### BOOKISHNESS.

#### On the Deadly Dulness of War.

THE noble army of amateur war correspondents who are now filling the newspapers with their military wisdom and their untamed rhetoric, could learn a thing or two about the business if they would read G. W. Steevens's "With the Conquering Turk" (Dodd, Mead & Co.). He did not have any war experience to start with, but he did have the equipment of a

trained correspondent—a keen power of observation and the knack of a descriptive style. It matters little whether those faculties are turned loose upon a lawn party or a battle; the result will be interesting reading in both cases. Mr. Steevens is not a military strategist or a profound politician, or a theorist as to abstruse cause and effect in the art of war. But he saw things, and tells about them incisively and picturesquely.

"You would never believe that war could be dull—but it can," he says. "More, dullness is the worst hardship of it." That is exactly what the volunteers and the correspondents have been saying for a month past—and they have somehow felt that their case is exceptional; that in Europe they would provide more amusement to the minute. The "grand stand play" in war is, no doubt, just about what it is in any other profession—one hour of dramatic excitement for a thousand hours of drudgery.

THE fascination of war seems to be, at bottom, just about the same sort of thing as the fascination of a vacation in the wilderness. The terrible rage of fighting and the thirst for blood, of which we hear so much, seem to have little to do with it. Most men do not go around in these days with those passions bottled up in them. Mr. Steevens sums it up thus: "Everything artificial, conventional, social, had vanished, and you were left the bare, natural man. . . . It is in this return to the naked state of nature that consist both the charm and the devilishness of war. The charm you will readily understand. War is

the only quite complete holiday that has yet been invented."

Men go hunting caribou in Canada for exactly those reasons. It means a suspension of the thousand and one obligations of civilization. "All the complex civilized tyranny summed up in the word 'arrangements'—you are free of it all."

A Northern man said to an Alabamian a few months ago: "I don't see why the South is so anxious to go to war." He replied: "You don't know how deadly dull it can be in Alabama!"

War may be dull, but, at any rate, it is an unusual kind of dullness, and that frequently attracts the adventure-some spirit of a man stuck in a rut. Shoveling coal with the Naval Reserve may pass for excitement with a man who is tired of drinking club cocktails every day between five and six o'clock. Moreover, it is better for the liver.

WITH all Mr. Stevens's apparent carelessness as to the historical facts of the war, his book, nevertheless, leaves with the reader a very definite idea of exactly how the Turks made their campaign, the significance of each battle they fought, and the qualities that made them win. He "visualizes" the war, so that you can see the Turks advancing like ants across the plains of Thessaly. Many men describe a battle as they would a chess game, with names of corps and generals for pieces. But Mr. Stevens has no use for cumbersome machinery. He *saw* the battle of Pharsala, and he makes you see it.

And that is the business of a war correspondent.

*Droch.*

### Prehistoric.

WILLIE: Pa, what do they make talking machines of?

HIS FATHER: The first one was made out of a rib, my son.

### BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.



6 months.



WHAT HE USED AT

16 years.



60 years.



Professor: WHAT AN ODD TREE!

### The Diary of a Baby.



SUNDAY.—It doesn't seem possible that I have been here only a week. From my sufferings, it seems more like a year. My mother is a well-meaning and amiable, but weak creature, completely under control of the trained nurse, who, I regret to say, is still here. Between them and the doctor, who calls regularly once a day, I am having a hard time. It's a toss-up whether I pull through or not. Their insane and criminal curiosity about matters purely personal to myself is enough to wreck any self-respecting infant. The nurse has even gone so far as to keep a written record of everything I do. No act of mine is too trivial to be registered, and the doctor reads it all and asks for more. There is more red tape about being born than I ever dreamed of, and it strikes me that most of it is superfluous. As long as it can't be helped and I am here, why not respect my feelings and give me a fighting chance?

MONDAY.—This morning I was weighed, as usual. I was first stripped of all superfluous clothes—no small job in itself—and then in this embarrassing condition I was placed in a towel hooked into a pair of scales and suspended in mid-air like a Philadelphia chicken. This will give a fair idea of how I am regarded from a professional standpoint. It makes me shudder to think of it. They discovered that I weighed a pound less than the day

I was born, and both the doctor and nurse tried to excuse it by saying that babies always lose the first week. It is useless, however, to gloss over the real facts. Slowly but surely I am wasting away. What crimes are committed in the name of science!

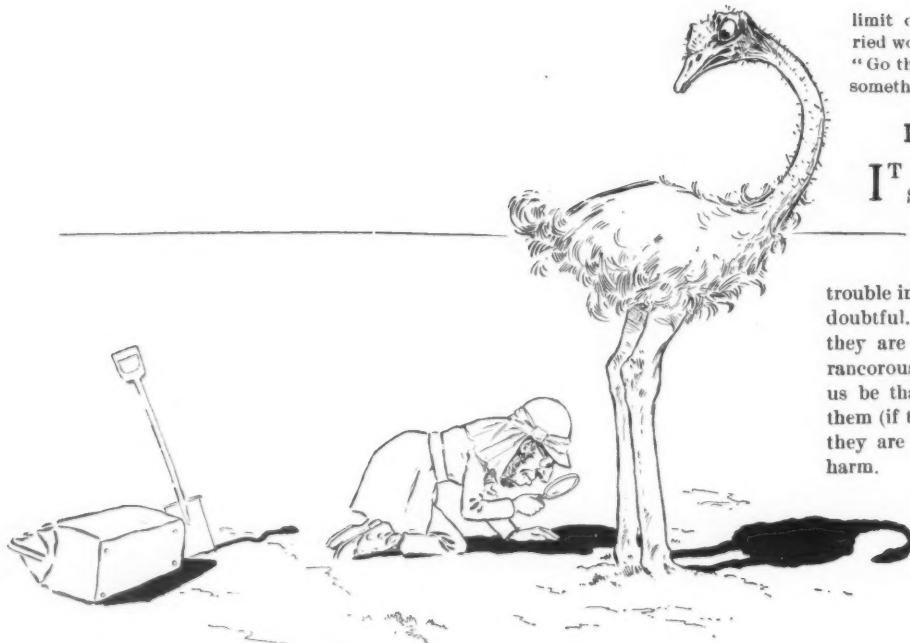
TUESDAY.—I intend to fool these people yet. It occurred to me yesterday that if I lived I might some day be big enough to get even with the nurse and doctor. This thought sustains me. This, and the thought that my father is secretly with me in this crisis—although, of course, it wouldn't do for him to assert himself. I must say that his whole attitude in this unfortunate affair is admirable. We regard it equally as a common calamity to both of us, and as men (this is the first time I have announced my sex—I have no means of knowing how a girl survives these trials) we look upon it philosophically. To-day he watched his opportunity and paid me a visit while the nurse was eating an elaborate breakfast. I could see that he hated to look at me steadily, and yet I seemed to possess a certain fascination for him. "He is homely enough," he remarked at last, which inspired my mother to retort: "How can you say such a thing!" But I knew he was right, and I like his candor, although the truth hurts. My mother, after some effort, finally persuaded him to take me up. "If I fool with that kid," he remarked, "something will happen."

"I should regurgitate!" I exclaimed to myself.

And I did.

WEDNESDAY.—Last night I had a slight cough, and after dozing off I felt a pain in





"VERY CURIOUS INDEED."

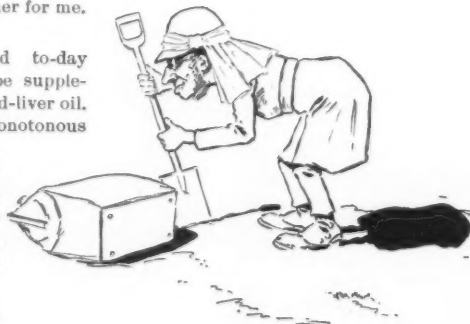
my stomach and promptly woke up the house. I haven't learned to control myself. I ought to know by this time that it only means more suffering to call for help. The nurse unwound me rapidly, and by main force held a glass rod under my arm and announced that I had a temperature. I had suspected the sad news for some time, and, now that I knew the worst, I resolved to go out of the world with as much noise as possible. When the doctor arrived he repeated the painful process, and gave orders to put me in a strait-jacket at once. At first I was in doubt whether it was paresis or plain fits, but it seems I was only threatened with bronchitis, and my temperature being only 102, they wished to make it still warmer for me. They succeeded.

THURSDAY.—The doctor announced to-day that my milk diet would have to be supplemented with a vigorous rubbing of cod-liver oil. Heaven knows that a milk diet is monotonous enough, but not content with tampering with my interior, they are now determined to begin hostilities on the outside. I still have on the strait-jacket. It is made of oiled silk and lined with cotton. This is a hard world.

FRIDAY.—They are still at it. I am fed every four hours, rubbed with oil every four hours, weighed in the

morning, bathed in the afternoon, wound and unwound during the day at regular intervals, jounced and joggled, and submitted to every form of indignity.

SATURDAY.—A friend of my mother's, who is studying child culture, came to see me this morning. She had just been to a mothers' congress. She examined me from head to foot, and took numerous notes. To my mind, a creature of this sort is the last



"I MUST GET A SAMPLE OF THAT."

limit of human imbecility. If I were a married woman like my mother, I would say to her: "Go thou and do likewise—and you may learn something." *Tom Masson.*

### Let Well Enough Alone.

IT is proposed to send back to the South all the Confederate flags captured in the civil war. The proposal is all right in theory and disposition, but seems so liable to make trouble in execution that the expediency of it is doubtful. It is better to leave the flags where they are than to run the risk of stirring up rancorous objections to giving them back. Let us be thankful that the poison is all out of them (if there ever was any in them), and that they are powerless, where they are, to do any harm.

To the Editor of LIFE:

Do you mind giving me the name of the author of your immortal poem, "Invited Guests"? It will last longer than anything which does not unite the three Eternities.

EDWARD E. HALE.

Boston, June 3, 1898.

The poem "Invited Guests" appeared in LIFE of May 19, 1898, and the name of the author is Miss Frances E. Allison.



# Life's "Pegasus" Contest.

## ANNOUNCEMENT OF WINNERS.

THE sentence selected to go with the picture in LIFE's "Pegasus" Contest Number Four is from Tennyson's poem "Maud":

*And Maud, too, Maud was moved  
To speak of the mother she loved.*

There were thirteen correct answers, and the names of the winners are as follows:

Mr. Frank Scudder, 119 Williams Avenue, Brooklyn.

Mr. George Snyder, N. Y. Yacht Club, Madison Avenue, New York.

Mr. George Heyser, 140 Tompkins Avenue, Brooklyn.

Mr. Francis S. Wilson, 100 Washington Street, Chicago.

Mr. John T. Phillips, Dallas, Pa.

Mr. Edward N. Pomeroy, Wellesley, Mass.

Mr. C. L. Hammond, P. O. Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. C. C. Clark, 325 Prospect Street, Willimantic, Conn.

Mr. E. W. Schultz, 242 Main Street, New Britain, Conn.

Miss L. P. Johnson, 43 Maple Avenue, Morristown, N. J.

Mrs. S. S. Ashbough, 1340 North Topeka Street, Wichita, Kan.

Miss Helen L. Reed, 184 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston.

Mr. Ben Brady, 720 Chauncey Street, Brooklyn.



*And Maud, too, Maud was moved  
To speak of the mother she loved.*

—From *Maud*.

There were 5,065 coupons received in all:

Locksley Hall .....	1,358
The Sisters .....	438
Enoch Arden .....	136
The Princess .....	851
Maud .....	1,100
Aylmer's Field .....	1,182
	5,065

## Humanity.

THE opinion of no one as to the genuineness of the "humanity" issue as applied to the war with Spain, either on this continent or in Europe, is perhaps equal in authority to that of Miss Clara Barton, the president of the American National Red Cross Society. That opinion is given in a letter written by Miss Barton to Admiral Sampson, in which she asked permission to arrange, if possible, under a flag of truce, for the distribution of food among the reconcentrados, in whose behalf largely the war was ostensibly undertaken. In that letter Miss Barton says: "Persons must now be dying there [Cuba] by hundreds, if not thousands, daily, for want of the food we are shutting out. Will not the world hold us accountable? Will history rate us blameless? Will it not be said of us that we completed the scheme of extermination commenced by Weyler?" Admiral Sampson refused permission to try the experiment, because he thought that supplies sent to the reconcentrados would be seized by the Spaniards and distributed among their own soldiers. That this is the proper view of Miss Barton's request from the standpoint of a blockading Admiral rather accentuates than minimizes the force of her indictment of the "humanity" issue as applied to the present war. Clergymen and other sentimentalists will do well to note the cogency of the reasoning with which she convicts them of humbug in their championship of this issue.



AND HE DID.



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A NEW VICTOR FROM OUT



LIFE.



FROM OUT OF THE WEST.

## Our Flag Afloat.

YARD-ARM HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.  
By Midshipman Martinspike.

### VII.

#### ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

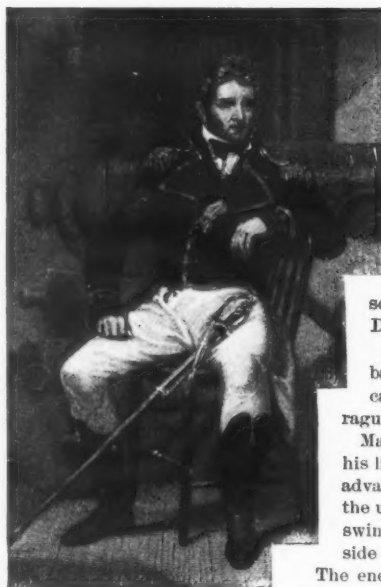
IT remained for Thomas MacDonough to put the finishing touches to the British on Lake Champlain. This young man was one of the heroes of the expedition that had succeeded in burning the *Philadelphia* in the harbor of Tripoli, and he was well qualified for his task.

His famous battle off Plattsburg took place just a year and a day later than Perry's great victory.

The English, having practically lost control of Lakes Ontario and Erie, made great preparations to capture Lake Champlain, and Sir James Yeo sent Captain Downie with a squadron to obtain possession.

Sir George Provost was also sent with a force of 15,000 men to take Plattsburg, which was defended by about 3,000 Americans.

MacDonough, after the usual delays and discouragements, finally succeeded in building a



T. MACDONOUGH.

As the *Constance* approached, MacDonough kneeled on the *Saratoga's* deck and took careful aim with a twenty-four-pounder. The shot raked the *Constance*. Almost at this moment a cock on the *Saratoga's* deck was released from his coop by a shot from the enemy. He flew up on one of the guns and crowed with all his might. This incident inspired the men, and they went at it hammer and tongs.

The day was won, however, not so much by pure bravery as by MacDonough's seamanship and foresight.

These qualities have won more of our battles than anything else. See Hull, Decatur, Bainbridge, Truxton, Porter, Farragut and Dewey.

MacDonough not only carefully arranged his line of battle, but he provided kedges in advance, so that if the *Saratoga* should lose the use of her starboard broadside, he could swing her around and bring her port broadside to bear.

The enemy's fire was so hot that this is precisely what happened, and then at the critical moment MacDonough, by the use of a stream anchor and hawser, brought the *Saratoga* around, and poured in such a deadly fire that the enemy was

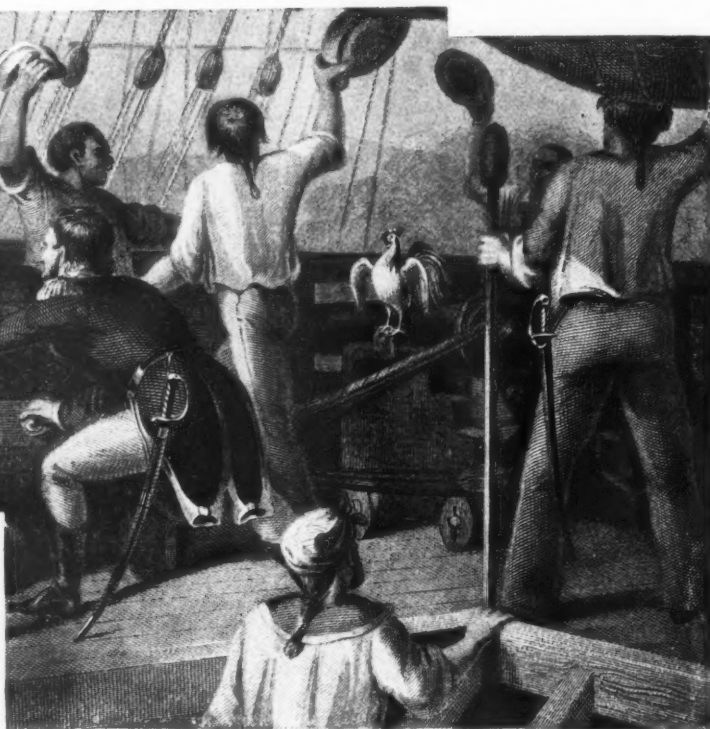


fleet to repel the enemy's attack, and on September 11, 1814, in his flagship the *Saratoga*, he lay off Plattsburg with three other vessels and ten galleys.

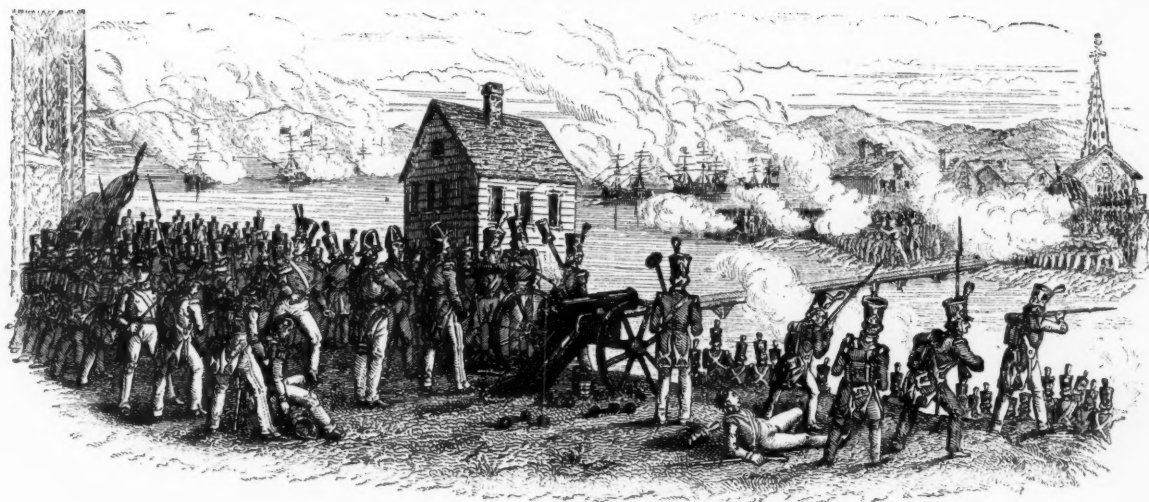
Downie, in his flagship *Constance*, with two other vessels and twelve gunboats, appeared in sight at 8 a.m.

It is unnecessary to state that the British force was superior to ours, not only in guns, but in men, and the result was what might have been expected.

The battle was decided by the two flagships.



Battle of Lake Champlain.—MacDonough pointing the gun.



Battle of Lake Champlain.—From the land.

quickly brought to terms. The British ship tried to follow his example, but her Commander had not thought far enough ahead.

The result was a complete victory, and the possession of Lake Champlain. Sir George Prevost, who at the same time attacked

Plattsburg with his 15,000 men, was compelled to retreat, and MacDonough became, at one bound, one of the most prominent naval commanders of the time.

Although the British attempted after this to regain what they lost, they did not succeed, and early the next year peace was declared.

In the meantime, our ships on the ocean were not allowing the water to become stagnant under their keels.

#### PORTER'S FAMOUS CRUISE.

**D**AVID PORTER sailed in the *Essex* from the Delaware on October 28, 1812, and did not return until July, 1814. Moreover, he did not bring his ship with him, but he did bring a large slice of imperishable glory, which was added to later on by his descendants.

The *Essex* had been ordered to join the *Constitution* and *Hornet*, but not meeting them in the South Atlantic, he was instructed to use his own judgment. This he proceeded to do, and made up his mind to go off on his own hook.

So he started around Cape Horn into the Pacific, and until March, 1814, when the *Essex* was finally destroyed by two English men-o'-war sent out for that express purpose, Porter cruised, supplying his men and ship from the prizes he captured. He captured whale ships, privateers, and practically every English vessel he came across, until on the 19th of June, 1813, he entered the harbor of Guayaquil and found himself in possession of a squadron of nine vessels, all armed and flying the American flag.

One of the midshipmen on Porter's ship was a youngster of twelve. His name was Farragut. He was afterwards an Admiral, as everyone knows. Porter was so burdened with prizes that he determined to send some of them to Valparaiso, and young Farragut was placed in charge of one of them. But this didn't happen by act of Congress.

Soon after this Porter sailed for the Marquesas Islands, and made Nookheeva his headquarters until February, 1814, when he sailed for Valparaiso.

He had some difficulty in getting away from the Islands with his crew, who had become enamored of the dusky female inhabitants. But he finally succeeded, and the *Essex* sailed away to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

At Valparaiso he was blockaded by two English men-o'-



DAVID PORTER.





"The thirteen-year-old American boy and the English sailor went at it."

war, the *Phoebe* and the *Cherub*.

The *Essex* attempted to run the blockade, and would probably have got away if it had not been for an untimely squall, and she was disabled and compelled to seek safety in a bay. Here a desperate fight ensued, and the *Essex*, after a gallant defense, was compelled to surrender.

When the crew of the *Phoebe* came on board to take possession they found on her a pig named "Murphy," and one of the sailors brought her on board the *Phoebe* in triumph.

"That pig belongs to me," said young Farragut.

"Go on with you," said the sailor. "You are a prisoner, and so is the pig."

"This is private property," replied Farragut.

Whereupon a ring was formed, and the thirteen-year-old American boy and the English sailor went at it.

Farragut got the pig.

Porter and the remainder of his crew, now prisoners of war, were sent to the United States in a cartel-ship, and after many adventures he arrived home in July, 1814, bringing the story of his cruise. "We have been unfortunate," wrote Porter, "but not disgraced."

The value of the prizes Porter took on his cruise amounted to millions of dollars. He was thereafter hailed as the "Hero of the Pacific."

#### RODGERS AND HUTCHINSON.

SOMEWHAT similar to Porter's cruise, but on a much smaller scale, was the cruise of Commodore Rodgers in the *President*, during the summer of 1813.

After sailing towards the West Indies and meeting with no luck, the *President* headed up into the North Sea, sailed near the Shetland Islands, put into Norway, and

failing to get supplies, Rodgers began to capture prizes and replenish his stores.

Lieutenant Hutchinson, commanding the English *High Flyer*, tender to the English ship of the line *San Domingo*, had been especially warned to beware of Rodgers.

Hutchinson himself was a trifle uneasy at the thought of meeting that astute Commodore, for it was only a short time before that he had appeared at Havre de Grace, Rodgers's home, plundered it, and actually stolen a sword from the Commodore's house.

"If Rodgers gets hold of you," said Warren to Hutchinson, "he will carry you

into Boston on the end of his jibboom."

On the afternoon of September 23d, as Hutchinson was walking the quarter-deck of the *High Flyer* with the sword he had stolen clanking at his side, a strange vessel was sighted. The reason why Hutchinson didn't know it was the *President* was because Rodgers happened to know some of the English signals. Hutchinson hoisted a private signal and Rodgers promptly replied, at the same time running up the British ensign. Then Rodgers put a British uniform on one of his officers and sent him aboard the *High Flyer*, deceiving Hutchinson so that the officer was soon in possession of the whole code. He was told that the other vessel was the *Sea Horse* and induced to come on board, where he greeted Rodgers as a brother, and told him about the *President* and how much she was wanted.

"They say," said Hutchinson, "that Rodgers is an odd fish, and slips through one's fingers."

"I imagine so," replied Rodgers. "I suppose you would like to meet him."

"Wouldn't I!" exclaimed Hutchinson; "that is," he added, thoughtfully, "in a vessel of equal size."

"You shall have the pleasure," said Rodgers. "Do you know what vessel this is?"

"Why, the *Sea Horse*, of course," said Hutchinson.

"It happens to be the United States frigate *President*," chuckled the wily Commodore, "and I, sir, am Commodore Rodgers." Then the band played "Yankee Doodle." Hutchinson was well treated by Rodgers, and three days afterwards the *President* and her prize reached Newport.

\* \* \*

DURING the year 1814, and early in 1815, a number of minor engagements took place between our ships and the English, and the blockade which England endeavored to establish along our entire coast was provocative of many battles and much loss of property, the British not hesitating to plunder where they had an opportunity. In July the *John Adams* was burned on the Penobscot. Shortly before this the new sloop-of-war *Wasp*, under Captain Johnston Blakely, appeared in the English channel, created much excitement, and captured the British sloop *Reindeer*. This action lasted only thirty minutes, and on his return Blakely was presented by Congress with a gold medal.

In August he went on another cruise in the *Wasp*, took the *Aron*, which the approach



JOHNSTON BLAKELY.



"I, sir, am Commodore Rodgers!"

of three other vessels compelled him to abandon, and on September 21st took the *Atlanta*, near the Azores. The *Wasp* never came back from this cruise. No one knows what became of her.

In April, 1814, Captain Warrington, in the eighteen-gun *Peacock*, captured the English

brig *Epervier*, and, though chased by two English frigates, escaped with his prize. Early in 1815 the *President* was taken by an English squadron. In March, 1815, Captain James Biddle, in the *Hornet*, captured the eighteen-gun *Penguin* in just twenty minutes. This was considered one of the

most brilliant minor engagements of the war.

THE "CONSTITUTION," "LEVANT" AND "CYANE."

BUT one of the most glorious battles at sea took place after peace had been declared.

Captain Charles Stewart commanded the *Constitution* in 1814-15, and on February 20, 1815, when off St. Vincent, he gave chase to a strange sail. Soon after he sighted a second.

Running up to both vessels, the *Constitution* engaged them together, and, securing an advantageous position, made things so lively that in a short time one of them—the *Cyane*—struck.

The other vessel—the *Levant*—had retired, but Stewart now went after her, and captured her also.

Combined, the two were easily superior to the *Constitution*.

THE last shot of the war of 1812 was fired from the *Peacock*, when she captured the *Nautilus* in the Straits of Sunda, on June 30, 1815. The *Nautilus* was also the first vessel taken in the war, having been captured by the British soon after hostilities began.

(To be continued.)

SOCIETY is composed of two classes: those who talk war, and the dumb.

### Absolute Necessities.

JABBERS: I saw a furniture van standing in front of your house this morning. You aren't moving, are you?

HAVERS: No. My wife took the baby to spend the day at her mother's, that's all.



*Constitution, Levant and Cyane.*



# THE MATANZAS MULE.

All hail the sailors brave and cool  
Of Dewey's bold flotilla;  
For Spain has lost another mule  
Away off in Manila.

A piece of shell took off his tail,  
He grinned the shattered bomb at,  
"It is our fleet," he said, "that meet  
The foe in brilliant combat."

A solid shot took off his ears;  
He smiled a smile of mystery,  
And said, "This will turn out a  
Brilliant page in Spanish history."

His larboard legs were shot away,  
Yet still with smile sarcastic,  
"I am not mad," he said, "or sad;  
I'm just enthusiastic."

Another shot! What fragments those  
That littered up the bay so?  
That mule so coy just died of joy—  
The Spanish papers say so.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It was at dinner—or rather after dinner. The guests had all taken a little potion of maraschino except A. S. Trude, who was the host. He held a liquor glass in his hand, and gazed at it attentively.

"Alcohol," said he, in a musing tone. "It's the root of most of the evils that exist. It causes crime, it causes suicide, it causes bankruptcy, it causes almost everything that is wrong.

"Take the Indian of J. Fenimore Cooper," he continued, as he poured a few drops of maraschino down his throat. "He didn't know what 'firewater' was, and Uncas and Ching-go-Chook might have been true to nature in their character. But the Indian of the present day loves firewater better than he does his soul. To parody an old couplet:

"'Skay of man's life a thing apart,  
'Tis Injun's whole existence.

"I never realized that until I went to Montana last summer on a summer expedition. One day I had become separated from the rest of the party, and was riding back to camp alone. As I slowly jogged along I heard the sound of hoofs behind. Soon an Indian, mounted on a magnificent horse, drew up at my side.

"'White man got whiskey?' he said.

"I nodded my head.

"'Give white man my saddle for one drink.'

"I shook my head.

"'Give white man my saddle and blanket for one drink.'

"Again my head shook in a negative way.

"'Give white man my saddle, bridle and blanket for one drink.'

"My head still replied no.

"'Give white man my saddle, bridle, blanket and horse for one drink.'

"This time I told him no, and he rode away. Now, I suppose the outfit he offered me was worth \$200, and he was willing to part with it for one drink. That shows how fond the Indians are of whiskey."

"But, Mr. Trude," said one of the guests, "why didn't you give him a drink for his outfit?"

"Give him a drink!" replied his host in an astonished manner. "Why, man, it was twenty miles to camp, and I only had a pint for myself."—Chicago Times-Herald.

FIRST PIONEER: Ain't it awful the way them Cubans has been treated?

SECOND PIONEER: Awful is no name for it. W'y, I wouldn't treat a lot of Injuns any worse than that.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SHE halted her cavalry squad on the brow of the hill. Raising her *pince nez* she ran her keen gray eye over the command.

"At-ten-shion!" she shouted.

Her brow clouded.

"Don't giggle!" she harshly cried.

Then she briskly added:

"Hats straight!"

Fifty gauntleted hands rose in union.

"Draw hat pins!"

Fifty steel lances flashed in air.

"Char-r-ge!"

And the squad swept down the hill.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

AT a Georgia rural camp-meeting, recently, the preacher who was leading the services touched on the war with Spain, and, stopping suddenly in the sermon, called to an old colored brother in the congregation:

"Br'er Williams, I'm gwine to ax you ter git right down on yo' knees en pray fer de success er de American arms!"

Br'er Williams "got down" immediately, and in the course of his petition he said:

"Oh, Lawd, he'p de American arms; an' Lawd, whilst you lookin' atter de arms, take keer er de legs, too! Don't fergit de legs, good Lawd, kaze we gwine need 'em ter run wid! Take de arms, ef you must, but—spare de legs, Lawd, spare de legs!"—Atlanta Constitution.

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# JINGOISME!

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— Et de notre côté? demande quelqu'un.

Un Yankee, avec flegme:

— Trois naissances.

— *Le Masque de Fer.*

"WHAT is your honest opinion concerning Americans?" inquired the interviewer.

"Let me understand," returned the eminent Frenchman.

"Are we speaking with reference to the Cuban affair or the exposition in 1900?"—*Washington Star.*

LORD BURTON, the brewing magnate, invited Whistler to visit his country house. Before they descended to dinner, the host led the distinguished guest to his picture gallery. Whistler followed, but his host could not get a word of criticism out of him. At last Lord Burton exclaimed, "Well, at least you must admit that it is a tolerable collection." "Tolerable? Yes," allowed Whistler, with a meaning smile, adding, "but what would you think of a tolerable egg?"

— *Ware.*

At a reception in Washington, ex-Secretary William M. Evarts was once drawn into a discussion between two ladies. "Mr. Evarts," said one, "do you not think I am right in saying that a woman is always the best judge of another woman's character?"

"Madame," replied Mr. Evarts, "she is not only the best judge, but also the best executioner."—*Argonaut.*

## FOOD FOR INFANTS.

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THE following story is told of every officer, head of department, general, colonel and commandant in the employ of the United States:

General (Colonel) (Secretary) (President) — of the — Department recently gave out an order that no person could pass in by a certain gate (door) (entry) (picket). He himself had occasion to go there and found a faithful man on guard.

"You can't go here," said the man, "it's agin orders."

"But I am—," etc.

"How do I know you are? I have my orders," said the man.

"It's strange if I can't get through, seeing it is my own order."

"Very true," said the man. "I happen to know you are the officer in question. But still, if we both of us want to get our names in the papers this has got to be gone through. You will have to identify yourself. This is the precedent since the first time a Hyskos King tried to break his own guard near Karnac. It is military tradition. It is told of everyone who was ever great. It will be told of lots of men who are not great. Go around the other way and notify the press and the biographers."

"You are a strict observer of tradition," said —. "Come up to my room, or rather wait around and I will summon you to my place and suitably reward you by reading to you the nice notice that will be printed about you in the papers in the morning."—*Buffalo Enquirer.*

"ACCORDING to the nebular hypothesis, a star is made by a nebulous particle joining with countless other particles," remarked the observer of men and things, "which, of course, doesn't account for the dramatic star. A dramatic star is made by a nebulous particle swelling up."

—*Detroit Journal.*

"I'm very careful not to let little Ann Augusta know anything about the present conflict."

"Are you afraid of its effect upon her nerves?"

"No; but the time may come when she will find it to her advantage not to remember the war."

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

ONE of the late James Payn's stories concerned a dean, famous as a gourmet, who in his dinings out was, of course, asked to say grace. The worthy dignitary first scanned the menu. If it was an ordinary repast, the grace began, "Lord, we thank Thee," "but," added Payn, "if there was turtle soup, the invocation commenced, 'Bountiful Creator!'"

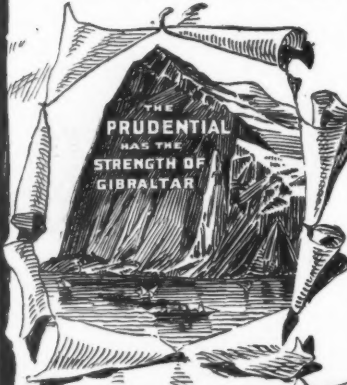
—*Argonaut.*

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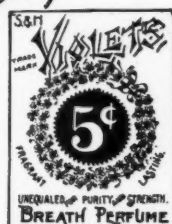
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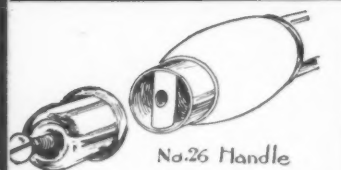
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